The feature section of this issue is devoted entirely to A. J. Muste, who died on February 11 in New York City at the age of 82.

MARCH-APRIL 1967

WRL NEWS

252

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A PEACE WALK . . .

. . . will start from Boston on March 25 and will arrive in Washington on May 8 for a confrontation at the Pentagon.

Sponsored by CNVA, the walk will reach New York to join the eastern segment of a nationwide coalition demonstration . . .

. . . SPRING MOBILIZATION TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM

From the eastern half of the U.S., demonstrators will rally at 11 a.m., on April 15, at Sheep's Meadow in New York City's Central Park and walk to a rally at the UN.

From the western half of the U.S., demonstrators will rally at 10 a.m., April 15, at 2nd and Market Streets in San Francisco and walk to Kezar stadium.

National director of Spring Mobilization is James Bevel, presently on leave from the staff of Martin Luther King. Chairman, until his death, was A. J. Muste, who had been scheduled to address a kickoff rally in New York City February 13. The rally became a memorial to A.J.

ANNUAL DINNER

April 28 is the date of the WRL annual dinner. The Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel at 34th Street and 6th Avenue in New York City is the place.

Devi Prasad, secretary of WRI and presently on a nationwide tour, will be the main speaker. The annual peace award will be presented to Barbara Deming, a participant in last April's Saigon protest demonstration and a member of the women's deputation which recently visited North Vietnam.

Dinner reservations can be booked from WRL at $7 apiece.

Hold the weekend of June 2-4 for the WRL annual conference. Details will appear in the next WRL NEWS.

Prasad Arrives with Last Minute Visa

Photo by David McReynolds

Devi Prasad, general secretary of the War Resisters International (second from left) arrived at Kennedy Airport on March 2, having received his visa less than 24 hours before scheduled departure. Welcoming him are WRL Secretary Ralph DiGia (at his left) and WRL Vice-Chairman and Chairman, Igal Roodenko and Edward Gottlieb (at his right).

The withholding of Prasad's visa centered around WRI's role in the worldwide protest against U.S. involvement in Vietnam. Among the "controversial" actions of the WRI has been the leafleting of U.S. troops abroad, urging them to leave the armed forces. More than 5,000 copies of such a leaflet had been seized in Germany at the request of the U.S. military there, on the grounds that U.S. forces were already "confused" about the moral aspects of Vietnam and the leaflet would hurt morale.

Congressmen William Ryan and Leonard Farbstein were among those who made inquiries at the State Department. Bayard Rustin, who had been in London while the visa was being withheld, spoke directly to the U.S. Ambassador there.

From Kennedy Airport Prasad rushed to a reception in his honor at Robert and Joyce Gilmore's, in mid-Manhattan, after which he hastened back to the airport to make his scheduled dates in Denver, Seattle, and Vancouver. He will be in the United States until the end of April, traveling into the deep South, up into Canada, and along the East Coast. He will be in New York the last week of his tour, where he will confer with pacifist leadership and speak at the WRL's annual dinner.

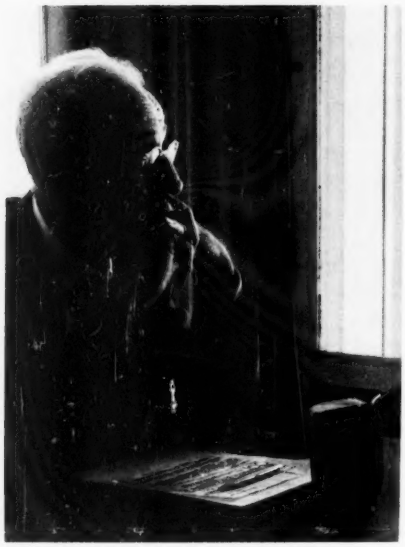

Photo by David McReynolds

New York Post

FOUNDED BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN 1801

DOROTHY SCHIFF.....Editor-in-Chief and Publisher
JAMES A. WECHSLER.....Editorial Page Editor
PAUL BANN.....Executive Editor
STAN OPOTOWSKY.....Managing Editor

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A Man of Conscience

The Rev. A. J. Muste dedicated his long, exemplary life to the agonies of the oppressed and to a passionate quest for peace. His missions took him to many parts of the world—to North Vietnam, most recently—and he became an international citizen, with all the risk of abuse that role invites from small, parochial minds. He was a peacemaker, a man of continuing conscience and concern, for whom worldly goods were always subordinated to the good of the world.

The Rev. Mr. Muste was a pacifist but a definition he offered in that connection was characteristic of him. "Nonviolence," he said, "is not apathy or cowardice or passivity." His life was one of involvement, courage and action.

A trip to the Far East would be taxing for anyone. For a man of 82, it must have been especially hard. But he made it and he returned from it with a seemingly vigorous, lively spirit; his sudden death underlies the valor of that final voyage. That spirit survives him; it will continue to hearten men everywhere in the world. We differed with him on some days on some issues. His magnanimity toward his critics was as consistent as his affirmation of the ethical values he treasured. Few men so closely approached saintliness on earth—without self-righteousness.

New York Post, February 13, 1967

A.J.'s LAST RIDE . . .

Photo by Eli Finer

. . . in a paddy wagon. He took many such rides during his lifetime in the causes of peace and social justice. On this occasion—December 15—he had led a march on New York City's induction center to protest the pre-Christmas bombing of civilians in Hanoi. Along with him in the paddy wagon are 6 of the 60 demonstrators arrested along with him.

MINUTE BY WRL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

We have all individually experienced a serious loss in the death of our colleague and fellow-pacifist, A. J. Muste. We shall miss the inspiration he has given us for these many years to carry on for a new world of peace and freedom. We shall miss his creative outlook which employed every political, social and personal avenue for eliminating war and violence in our time. We are glad that we were able to enjoy his comradship and his presence until the very last moment and that he passed from us in the most dramatic moment of his own peace activities.

A.J. LITERATURE

THE ESSAYS OF A. J. MUSTE, a 513-page volume, compiled by Nat Hentoff and including sections of A.J.'s uncompleted autobiography . $6.95

PEACE AGITATOR, Nat Hentoff's biography of A.J. $3

A. J. MUSTE: 1885-1967, 16-page illustrated reprint from WIN Magazine 25c

(10 or more copies, 20c each)

FOUR TRIBUTES TO A.

By EDWARD GOTTLIEB
(WRL Chaircan since 1960)

The White Cloud that led by day
And the Pillar of Fire
We hung on
Through darkness streaked with violence
Has slipped across a threshold
Of our Time and Season
It is most questionable
That he should now belong to our Past
For we shall surely find him
In the Future
Waiting when we round the corner
Of our next Test.

Where did this slim stem of bones
And strain of fibre wire
Get its strength and tensile?

Maybe first because he televised
Absolute Trust
You could see he let
The reins of love hang loose
So only you stood in your own way
Or then again in human confrontation
While he undressed evil on the table
He yet enhanced the image round him
So men could all come clean
And feel the gain

He led so well because
He never looked behind to see
Who followed
When you caught up
He could quickly close ranks
With your short legs

He stood for all the ancients came upon
In truth or pain
But held no visor to the sight
Of Youth nor gave it slight command
He offered welcome in your Search
So left to right of each extreme
The longest spectrum stretched
That on its base might grow
The tallest Pyramid of Peace
To pledge him to its apex.

Fools dig up the earth in search of passion
To the wise in heart Love comes unbidden.

By JIM PECK
(WRL NEWS editor and staff worker since 1948)

Over the years I have participated in numerous peace demonstrations with A.J. On some of these occasions, we were arrested: on others, we were not. On some, the weather was torrid; on others it was freezing.

Perhaps the hottest was the 24-hour vigil on Hiroshima Day 1957 at the main gate of the bomb-testing site in the Nevada desert. The daytime temperature was well over 100. But this did not deter A.J.'s full-time participation even though he was exhausted at the start from performing, himself, the groundwork chores such as conferring with local police and government officials and seeking moral support from Las Vegas ministers.

Probably the coldest demonstration was the 24-hour vigil last February at the UN after the U.S. initiated its bombing of North Vietnam. The nightime temperature was well under 20. I was standing next to A.J. as the vigil started in early evening. He was in the middle of his third successive TV interview. The reporters had been asking such inane questions as:

"Mr. Muste, how many Communists would you say are here this evening?"

A.J. patiently explained that we do not screen participants and assume from their presence that they accept the vigil's aim as well as its nonviolent discipline.

"But, Mr. Muste, couldn't you give us some idea of the number of Communists in this gathering?"

When the third interview ended, its reporter turned off the mike. A.J. was visibly suffering from the cold—as we all were—but probably more, since he then was past 81. The reporter said: "Mr. Muste, there is something I would like to say to you, now."

"Go right ahead," A.J. told him.

"I simply want to say, Mr. Muste, that I cannot help having the highest respect for you."

This was the last of many occasions where, I, myself, saw how A.J. commanded respect from those who did *not* agree with him. I observed it inside the White House as a member of his delegation which presented to a presidential secretary the first batch of Declarations of Conscience against the Vietnam war. I observed it outside the White House on Hiroshima Day 1965 when, prior to our sitdown at the gate, he tried to negotiate with White House officials for a confrontation with the President.

Within the peace movement, he was the one person who commanded respect from *all* segments—from nonpacifists as well as pacifists, from nonreligious pacifists as well as religious pacifists. Perhaps the main explanation is that A.J. was a real human being, a person capable of establishing human contact with others whether they agreed with him or not.

Though those of us working for peace necessarily have to carry on, we cannot evade the fact that A.J. is irreplacable.

J. MUSTE

By BAYARD RUSTIN

(WRL secretary and program director 1954-1964)

There probably was no one outside of A.J.'s own family who knew him better than I did. We went through many moments of personal and political crisis together, and we travelled all over the world—through England, India, and across the Sahara—together. And there was probably no one whom A.J. loved better than he loved me, because there was no one who gave him as much trouble.

There were three personal characteristics I cherished most about A.J.

First, he was a man of intense joy. I remember an incident that took place while we were in India together. I had heard A.J. several times express a wish to see the gypsies dance, and one night, long after he had retired to bed, I heard a troupe of gypsies coming down the street. This was about two in the morning, but I rushed into A.J.'s room and shook him violently. "Wake up, A.J.," I said, "the gypsies are coming."

"The who?" A.J. muttered drowsily and with a clear note of irritation.

"The gypsies, A.J., don't you want to see the gypsies?"

"Will you please get the hell out and leave me alone," he said and rolled over.

"But A.J., you always said you wanted to see the gypsies." I got no reply, and decided to give up. I turned and was walking toward the door when I was brought up sharp by A.J.'s voice. "Wait a minute," he said, "you aren't going without me, are you?" And he ended up dancing with the gypsies till almost daybreak.

Then there was the time when I was being particularly difficult at a meeting of the FOR and A.J. became irritated. "How come you give me so much damn trouble," A.J. said, "and you are the black sheep of the FOR family?" ily?"

I pretended injury: "Well, A.J.," I said, "I never thought I would live to hear such racist talk from you." A.J. looked up—registered surprise — then broke into uncontrolled laughter. I laughed mildly also. After a few moments he became serious and said, "Now go back to your office—I'll talk to you later."

The second thing I cherished about A.J. was that he was a truly liberated man. There was this young Negro who had gained acceptance in one of the finest colleges in the East. No sooner had he arrived there than he started ignoring his studies and chasing the girls. The result was that his marks suffered and it reached the point where the college knew he should be dropped. This college called to ask my advice, and as I was not sure of my own feelings in the matter, I asked A.J. to come up with me and have a talk with the student and the dean. After the dean had recited the history of the case, A.J. turned to the boy and asked whether it was an accurate report. "Yes, sir," the boy said. Well, you should have seen how worked up A.J. became. He agreed with the dean that the boy should be suspended, and chided the boy in the sternest of terms, refusing to inflict upon him the indignity of being treated as a special case because he was a Negro. Now this impressed me tremendously, because many other white liberals would have felt obliged to make some special plea for the unfortunate black youth. The boy left the college for a semester, returned to become an honor student and later wrote A.J. that his stern warning had saved him from himself.

And, finally, the third thing that I cherished about A.J. was his profound concern for the suffering of human beings. No meeting of the FOR was so important that A.J. couldn't be disturbed and told that this prostitute, this thief, or this lonely person was in trouble. And no matter how important that meeting was, A.J. would leave to extend a hand of help and fellowship. In all the years I knew him, never once did he fail to write a letter or raise his voice or even walk into the night to help someone who was in distress. No movement was more important to A.J. than a human being in trouble. He spent his most lonely, creative and inspired hours with the troubled of this world.

By Ralph DiGia

(WRL Co-Secretary since 1955)

A.J.—a great guy. A real great guy. A kind of guy who inspired me in his quiet way without my knowing that it was happening.

But it wasn't always like that—at least that's not the way it all began. As a matter of fact, in my book A.J. had two strikes on him from the beginning. I remember hearing about A.J. when I was in prison during World War II. He really didn't rate with the radical pacifists . . . A.J. was too conservative. The first time I remember seeing him was in prison when some of us were on a hunger strike. A.J. had come to negotiate with the warden. I wasn't impressed because I felt that he didn't back us up enough. Then I remember in 1956 when *Liberation* Magazine got started. Some of the editors had doubts that A.J. would fit in with the younger people, that he was not radical enough.

Well, that's the way it was then. But the last decade of his life answered all the doubts about who he really was.

A.J. had balance—I think that's the word. He was at home in a meeting making a brilliant analysis or at a baseball game cheering a great play. I remember one of those interminably long evening meetings, near the end of which everything seemed bogged down and confused. Someone asked A.J. if he would bring things together. Well, A.J. started talking, and in a brilliant summation brought the whole matter into a clear focus. He was a genius at that. That's the way it was at meetings. At the baseball game, he was right in there all the time. The last game we saw together was at Shea Stadium last season with the Mets playing the Pirates. A terrible start—the Mets trailed by seven runs in the early innings, but A.J. stayed right in there cheering all the way and the Mets came on to win the game. A.J. lost his hat several times during the excitment. At one point the Pirates put in a relief pitcher, and A.J. immediately knew he was a lefthander and what his won and lost record was! I thought that I was a baseball fan, but A.J. was 'way ahead of me—even though he had a million more things to do than I.

I'll miss A.J. walking past the desks at 5 Beekman Street. At meetings. At baseball games. In life.

A real great guy.

DRAFT RESISTANCE GROWING

By David McReynolds

While Congress debates various changes in the draft law, popular resistance to the draft itself has been increasing across the nation. Listed here are some aspects of this campaign—including suggestions for what WRL members can do in their own areas.

. . . *draft card burning planned.* Students at Cornell University have started a nationwide campaign to get 500 men of draft age to publicly burn their draft cards in New York City during the Spring Mobilization, April 15. The young man who is serving as coordinator for the project is WRL member, Bruce Dancis, who already has burned his own card. If you are considering this kind of absolute noncooperation with the government, get in touch with: Bruce Dancis, 107 Dryden Road, Ithaca, New York.

. . . *parents take action.* Not all the resistance is being carried on by students. We have a copy of Vernon Jacobson's letter to his son's draft board which says: "Enclosed are the remnants of a draft card which your office mailed to my son. The card has been destroyed by the writer as a deliberate act of civil protest, with full knowledge of the consequences. Further, you are advised that so long as my children remain under my protection and support, they will be allowed to cooperate in no way whatsoever with the Selective Service System, which belongs to monarchy and to tyranny. . . . What father, seeing his son about to enter a life of crime, at any age, would not discourage him from his purpose, or what parent, seeing his child about to jump to suicide would not hold him back. I consider our present military-industrial complex to fit within both of these categories; I have no alternative but to prevent, if at all possible, their joining the common folly. . . . Gentlemen of the Selective Service, pass by my household. You are in the wrong business, on the wrong road, one that neither I nor my sons shall travel, so long as I am alive to prevent it."

. . . *WRL ads bring comment,* In January we mailed to all WRL members three "sample ads," any one of which might be run in college papers in their own area. William O. Reichert, of Whitewater State University, wrote that all three ads had been run in the campus paper there—and as a result the townspeople were demanding that twelve faculty members who had signed their names to one of them be fired. Pressure is being brought on the Board of Regents and the Governor to have the "offending" faculty removed—thus far without success. Writer Mitchell Goodman said he had helped get the ads into several papers, while William MacNeil, editor of GROK (a beautifully done photo-offset "little mag," 50c a copy, P.O. Box 16, Planetarium Station, NYC 10024) sent his Feb/March issue with two of the ads run free of charge. The Queens Committee on Nonviolence has run the ads in their campus paper. Ned O'Malia, of King's College in Pa., sent a copy of his campus paper with one of the ads and a wistful note: "Thank you for the ad formats—I think this means I am committed." This is a project for you, whatever your age. Let young men know of their legal rights under the existing draft law. We have fifty "mint condition" copies of the suggested ads, printed on glossy paper and ready for use in photo-offset papers—if you can use one, write for it.

. . . *New York peace groups to reach all high schools.* On April 5 every High School in all five boroughs of New York will have "peace caravans" waiting at the gates with literature on the C.O. position, letting students know of their rights under the law. This exciting project, organized initially by SANE, is co-sponsored by WRL, Women Strike for Peace, and other organizations. It is expected this idea will spread quickly across the country. A detailed memo on the project has been mailed to the WRL key list—if you would like a copy and are not on the key list write for it.

"Uptight" booklet reprinted. The first 15,000 copies of "Uptight With The Draft" sold out so quickly that an additional 25,000 have been printed—and half of these have been sold already. This has proved to be a very popular piece of literature. (10c each, 12/$1, 100/$5.) Mail this to men of draft age.

A FINANCIAL REMINDER

To meet the 1967 WRL budget we need to raise an average of $10 each from our members. We do not have dues—or wealthy members. The business reply envelope with this issue of WRL *News* is for those who find it easier to give a dollar or two several times during the year.

ENROLLMENT BLANK

Send to War Resisters League
5 Beekman Street, New York 38, N. Y.

WAR IS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY.

I THEREFORE AM DETERMINED NOT TO SUPPORT ANY KIND OF WAR, INTERNATIONAL OR CIVIL, AND TO STRIVE FOR THE REMOVAL OF ALL THE CAUSES OR WAR.

_____
signature

_____
address

_____
city *state*

_____
occupation *age*

. . . *WRL office decimated by draft caravan.* Recently Peggy Quinn, the efficient young secretary who takes dictation, runs the mimeo, and helps with the card files, left DiGia, McReynolds and Peck abandoned to their own devices for a week to take part in the CNVA "draft caravan" that touched at a number of colleges in New England. (That is carrying draft resistance too far!)

. . . *are you on campus?* The WRL maintains a "campus key list" which gets special mailings from time to time on things like draft resistance, pacifist student activities, etc. If you are on campus and would like to be on the key list, write.

. . . *can you use a speaker on the draft?* The WRL can help get a speaker for campus groups. Speakers who are willing to sit down and talk with half a dozen or so young men who need advice and counsel on the basic moral problems of military service and conscription. Speakers are available for the following areas: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Chicago, New Haven, Philadelphia, New York.

"AN ARMY—THE WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE...

Proto by Christina Johnston

... was dispatched from San Francisco State College to raid the University in a war on the 'War,' apparently a reference to the one in Vietnam."

So reported Bonnie Finn, staff writer of the *Daily Californian*, organ of the University of California in Berkeley on February 8.

"Disembarking from an embellished Volkswagen bus, a leader of the League demanded of a startled crowd at Bancroft and Telegraph just before noon: 'Students of Berkeley surrender and you won't be harmed. This is an invasion from San Francisco State to free you from the bonds of tyranny.' Shortly thereafter, 'war games' proceded on two fronts.

"However, since the League had no permit and were not Berkeley students, James Sicheneder ('Dean Fuzz'), special assistant to the dean, pursued his own campaign to get them off campus. But no one admitted being the leader of the raid and Sicheneder was unable to organize their removal.

"Yet, after the invaders had marched with peace spears (peace buttons with spear points) through the campus and had disrupted a noon rally which was in the process of condemning the draft, they marched around Dwinelle Plaza and offered to leave voluntarily.

The purpose of the invasion was twofold. Leaflets proclaimed it to be a preview to prepare Berkeley for a full scale attack on February 18, when the lower Student Union plaza is to be taken. Berkeley's invasion will fall between similar ones at San Francisco State February 17 and Stanford University February 19. Simultaneously, the invasion was purportedly a step up from usual anti-war campaigns.

FIRST PEACE WORKSHOP IN SOUTH

The first on-going Workshop in Nonviolence to be established by a peace organization in the south has started in Atlanta, with the financial backing of both WRL and CNVA.

Tentatively, it has been set up for an 18-month period. Persons interested in joining the Workshop's activities should contact Henry or Susan Bass, Box 7477, 1014 Piedmont Avenue NE in Atlanta.

NEW LITERATURE

VIETNAM: LOTUS IN A SEA OF FIRE, by Thich Nhat Hanh. A Buddhist proposal for peace by a Vietnamese monk $1.25

IN THE TEETH OF WAR, Souvenir picture book of New York's two big Vietnam peace parades $1.95

THOREAU MONEY

Use this colorful money to pay war taxes; it is as phony as the "security" our "defense" dollar buys. Sample free, $1/100.

PHOENIX SAILS FOR HAIPHONG

The 50-foot ketch Phoenix, which in 1958 sailed from Honolulu to protest nuclear testing, left Hiroshima on March 1 with its destination Haiphong.

Its captain is the same as for the 1958 journey—Earle Reynolds. But this time, in addition to the crew, the vessel is carrying $10,000 worth of medical supplies. More are to be loaded during a stop in Hongkong where a movie producer and a television director will join the crew. Sailing from Hongkong were Reynolds' wife Aki, who is a Japanese citizen, Betty Boardman, Horace Champney, Philip Drath, Robert Eaton and Ivan Massar.

Sponsoring the journey is the Quaker Action Group of Philadelphia, whose co-chairmen are Lawrence Scott, initiator of the 1957 Hiroshima Day protest at the Nevada bomb-testing site and George Willoughby, crew member of Golden Rule which in 1958 set sail for the Pacific bomb-testing zone a week prior to the Phoenix. The Quaker Action Group has been sending medical supplies through the Canadian Friends Service Committee to civilians in both North and South Vietnam.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BRIEFS

Joe Pyne's TV threat to bar Los Angeles WRLer, Stanley Kohls, from teaching (which drew considerable protest), failed to materialize. Kohls writes: "Pyne notwithstanding, I started working February 6 at precisely the position I wanted—3rd grade at a 'disadvantaged' school near Western and Jefferson."

* * *

WRL-Los Angeles is active in the campaign of four New Politics candidates for the board of education. Two of them, Don Freed and Frank Lindenfeld, are WRLers and the other two, Julia Luna Mount and Edward Moritz, Jr., are long time peace activists in the area. Key planks on their platform are abolition of ROTC and "military coordinators" in the high schools and allotment of the billions wasted on war for education and social improvement.

* * *

WRL-Los Angeles is in the process of helping to organize a League chapter in San Diego where there are many interested members, particularly on the campuses of San Diego State and University of California.

A study is being made of hate letters. Persons who have received such letters should send them to M. Oppenheimer, Box 90, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The letters will be returned upon request.